

THE STEAM ARM.

Oh, wonders sure, will never cease,
While works of art do so increase,
No matter whether in war or in peace,
Men can do whatever they please.

CHORUS.—Ri too ral, lu ral, lu ral,
Ri fol lol de da.

A curious tale I will unfold,
To all of you as I was told,
About a soldier stout and bold,
Whose wife 'twas said was an arrant scold.

At Waterloo he lost an arm,
Which gave him pain, and great alarm,
But he soon got well, and grew quite calm,
For a shilling a day was a sort of balm.

The story goes, on every night,
His wife would bang him left and right,
So he determin'd out of spite,
To have an arm, cost what it might.

He went at once, strange it may seem,
To have one made to work by steam,
For a ray of hope began to gleam,
That force of arms would win her esteem.

The limb was finished and fix'd unto
His stump of a shoulder neat and true,
You'd have thought it there by nature grew,
For it stuck to its place as tight as glue.

He started home and knocked at the door,
His wife her abuse began to pour,
He turn'd a small peg and before
He'd time to turn, she fell on the floor.

With policemen soon his room was fill'd,
But every one he nearly kill'd,
For the soldier's arm had been so drill'd,
That once in action, it couldn't be still'd.

They took him at length before the Mayor,
His arm kept moving all the while there,
The Mayor cried, "shake your fist if you dare,"
When the steam arm knock'd him out of his chair.

He was locked in a cell from doing harm,
To satisfy those who had still a qualm,
When all at once they heard an alarm,
Down fell the walls and out popp'd the arm.

He soon escaped and reach'd his door,
And knock'd by steam, raps half a score,
But as the arm in power grew more and more,
Bricks, mortar, and wood soon strew the floor.

He left his home at length outright,
And wanders now just like a sprite,
For he can't get sleep either day or night,
And his arm keeps moving with two horse might.

Andrews, Printer, 38 Chatham St., N. Y. Dealer in Songs, Games,
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